

REVERIES DU COEUR:

O R,

FEELINGS of the HEART.

Attempted in Verse, by

M A R I A W E Y L A R. K

“ That I may read— and write— and plant,
“ Superior to *Desire*,— or *Want* !”

PRIOR,



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, and Sold by Messrs. DODSLEY,
WALTER, OWEN, and YEATS, in *Panton Street*.

M.DCC.LXX.



THE
DEDICATION.

To his GRACE

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.

*F*AME, like *Love*, will ever pursue those most
who really shun, or even *seem* to avoid it.—
Those lose who seek either Goddess — They
gain her who, like Virgil's bashful Nymph,
so I find in the Translation—happy! could I
read it in the Original—

“ Leaps in a Thicket—to be *seen* the more.”

Had

Had I solicited your Grace's Leave to lay these Trifles before you, I but foresaw a *feeling* Refusal.—True Merit, from it's Consequence, Bashfulness, often denies what Ignorance embraces.—I would rather be blamed from your Modesty, than caressed from those many I might, by my Connections, have easily obtained—even in the Rank of Nobility.—

But, in fact, as these Trifles were all composed—if such, indeed, deserve so laudable a Name as Composition—in Sight of your so elegant Plantations at *Sion*, where, according to *Milton*, they became

“ My *earliest* Visitation—and my *last* at
“ eve!”

Like *Strays*, they seem naturally to fall thus to your Grace, as being found doing Harm upon your *Manor*—for I agree with Mr. Pope, that the Lawyer's Clerk is injured,

“ Who

DEDICATION.

v

“ Who reads a Stanza, when he should
“ *engross.*”

And thus may I, innocently, mischief some
People less idle, at first, like myself, by giving
Ideas of a fatal Passion they before were
Strangers to.

Cato tells us, that Cæsar's *Enemies* would
confess his Virtues, as a Proof they were un-
feigned and valuable ones—I only wish, after
much fruitless Toil, to find *one* Enemy of
your Grace's, the better to confirm this Maxim
equally, as my Opinion of your Grace's Me-
rits.—'Till then, I must be content in hearing
what a Croud of Friends say of you in pri-
vate, who can have no View but the rooted
one of *Self-love*, in being known to a No-
bleman of the Duke of Northumberland's
intrinsic Value.

Among

Among that Number, if your Grace has a
Vacancy for *one* more, so humble and insigni-
ficant as herself,—she will endeavour not to lose
her first Ground, if once obtained, who,

With all Deference and Submission !

Has the — so particular — Honour
to subscribe herself,

Your G R A C E ' S

Most devoted Servant,

MARIA WEYLAR.

Isleworth,
April 1770.

TO

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE following Trifles being intended to *serve*, and, perhaps, *save* a distressed Relation, whose only Error, Shame to this Age! was Humanity; and what *Rousseau* so ingeniously calls that *cruel Gift of Heaven, Pity* — the Reader must excuse, now being informed of the Occasion, not only all *Errors*, but even some *Futilities*, in this Collection, which the short Notice prevented supplanting.

Add to this, that Necessity obliging the Work to appear early, an Addition of two Sheets, at least, is prevented, which, had there been Time to meliorate them, would have been given.

To

viii TO THE READER.

To have offered my Productions less correct than the present, though not so perfect as even these ought to have been, would have been not only an Injury to the Author, but even offended those generous Minds who rather value *Quality* than *Quantity*.

As this is the Author's *first* Attempt, to which she has set the *Seal* of her Reputation of a Writer, it is hoped the candid World will pardon the present Errors of her Pen, now made known, in Consideration of the many Productions they have for some Years approved in several monthly Publications, under the *silent* Signature of

MARIA.

! London,
April 20, 1770.

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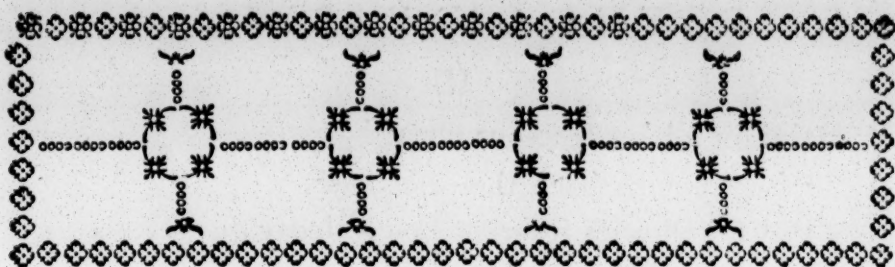
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P O E M S

O N

Various and Select Occasions.



To CONTENT.

I.

“ S A Y, fair Content — lov’d goddess, say,
“ How shall I find thy soft retreat —
“ Where shall I seek thy halcyon seat ?
“ Or, midst the darkness of my day,
“ Trace out thy ever-sacred way ?

II.

“ Love painted out a pleasing scene,
“ Where only beauty should be found,
“ With roses and with myrtles crown’d—
“ No care cou’d seem to come between,
“ For you was deem’d its happy queen.

B

“ Delu-

III.

- “ Delusion all ! a specious cheat !
 “ At my approach the roses fade,
 “ I found each fragrant flow’r decay’d ;
 “ And, when I seem’d at my retreat,
 “ I blam’d myself for the deceit.

IV.

- “ At courts, where I was then unknown,
 “ I fought thee midst their splendid pride,
 “ Where gilded miseries reside ;
 “ But, where the brightest jewels shone,
 “ I found myself, too late, alone.

V.

- “ Envy and painted malice there,
 “ Had taken such a rooted hold,
 “ I wish’d the doors would frait unfold ;
 “ I long’d to breathe sweet freedom’s air,
 “ In hopes to find her blessings near.

VI.

- “ Then lead me to the moss-grown cell,
 “ Where I may find the hoary sage,
 “ Who wears experience with his age ;
 “ Who, fond with science still to dwell,
 “ Bids me not live, but to excel.

VII.

- “ I come, I come—prepare your bow’rs,
 “ With thee the goddess must reside,
 “ Far, far from noise and giddy pride :
 “ Beneath thy feet spring countless flow’rs,
 “ For sweet content is only your’s.

“ Yet

VIII.

- “ Yet let Maria claim a part ;
“ Rich in this gift, you may bestow :
“ One ray of hope will heal her woe,
“ And, giv’n from such a guileless heart,
“ She’ll vainly think it her desert.

IX.

- “ Integrity and truth serene
“ Have lull’d the labours of thy breast,
“ Have sung thy busy heart to rest ;
“ And, ’midst a world of grief and pain,
“ Have prov’d thy labours not in vain.

X.

- “ A soul, like thine, devoid of guile,
“ With native innocence elate,
“ Above the keenest rage of fate,
“ Can greet it with an infant’s smile,
“ And even agony beguile.

XI.

- “ Then take your wretched votary in,
“ And let me try the world no more ;
“ For, landed on so safe a shore,
“ I shall the hermit’s life begin,
“ And close, with sweet content, the scene.

XII.

- “ No voice of discord shall be found,
“ No sounds of envy reach my cell :
“ Vain world, adieu ! sad pomp farewell !
“ I’m now on consecrated ground,
“ And all I lost at length is found.

A gentleman of great fashion and fortune, being enamoured of a servant at Dolly's Chop-house, the following, left in his name from the author, drew him off from his folly, and he now lives to thank his benefactress.

O H Sally, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
 As broth, reviving ; and, as French bread, fair ;
 Thy hands still whiter than your whitest pork,
 Thy wit still sharper than the sharpest fork :
 Thy hair more vary'd in its curls, than we
 Perceive in endive's leaves or celery :
 Can Durham mustard boast itself so strong,
 As is your judgment, though, as yet, so young ?
 And when I see young radishes so near,
 Thy fingers to my fancy strait appear.
 Smooth is thy voice, like oil in cruet bright,
 White are thy teeth, like gristles left at night :
 And when thy eyes so sparkle to the day,
 I think of lamps just lighted cross the way.

Oh ! Sally—could I turn and shift my love
 With the same art that you your steaks can move,
 My heart, thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house feast,
 And you alone should be the welcome guest.

But, dearest Sal ! the flames which you impart,
 Like chop on gridiron, broil my tender heart ;
 Which, if thy kindly-helping hand ben't nigh,
 Must, like an unturn'd chop, hiss, burn, and fry :
 And must, at last, thou scorcher of my soul,
 Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd coal.

*To a gentleman, who offered to quit an advantageous match
for one of love only.*

O H! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to gain, and sense to fix a heart —
By crouds admir'd, can'st thou from her be free,
Who wooes thee to be great—yet, think on me :
On me ! who but one merit can possess,
And yet, compar'd to her's, so truly less :
A merit,—if I must believe it true,
Which but appears the best in knowing you.

Say, canst thou quit, for me, the gilded car,
With all the pomp and circumstance of war ?
And, worthy of a British triumph, scorn
Applause, to wed with one so meanly born ?
Content in narrow state to waste thy life,
Then blame yourself, howe'er you bless the wife.
In some poor cottage waste thy hours of prime,
Yet kindly whisper, " Love's no loss of time."
Content you'd seem to be in shepherd's weed,
And on the plain our bleating flock to feed ;
But can I think the joy would real prove,
Though recompenc'd with all Maria's love ?

Yet shall my fancy figure a retreat,
And, for a while, herself Maria cheat.
Already, round the visionary grove
Each tree shall thrive, as planted in my love.
By love shall spring each variegated flow'r,
By love shall thicken ev'ry verdant bow'r :
And as the pebbled stream still hastes along,
Love shall be all its murmur,—all its song.

Yet

Yet where, alas ! is this imagin'd green ?
This nameless lawn, this village yet unseen ?
Where swains, contented on their native ground,
Think the world ends at the next meadow's bound :
Where the tann'd peasant, and his red-streak bride,
Were born together, and together died ;
Whose strange posterity shall only know,
That one could spin the best—the other sow.

With such a picture canst thou be content,
And not the loss of gilded roofs repent ?
Behold ! a cottage, scarce in winter thatch'd,
Thro' want imperfect ; nay, a work ill-patch'd.
An offspring adding to thy daily care,
As they thy help shall ask with many a tear ;
Lisping their wants with eloquence of eyes,
When words shall fail to speak their miseries.
Accept in love, and e'en in pity too,
(Sure she must hate, who thus could injure you)
Accept the hand which offers wealth and ease,
Nor think of her who may at distance please.
In absence may her love be more sincere,
As your's might fade were thus Maria near.
Her presence would undo each promis'd bliss—
Believe her—for she seals it with a kiss—
Such as her faithful heart ne'er knew before,
For, oh ! she loves—where she must love no more.
Love, which but means not to destroy, but save,
And still will bless Maria in the grave.

O D E.

I.

“**L**OVE but too oft has nought to give,
 “ But tears and sighs like me —
 “ Then who would wish to love, yet live ?
 “ Still curst with hopes, he will receive
 “ Her rival, and be free.

II.

“ Leave the sad friend to her sad fate ;
 “ Be wise, nor follow care :
 “ Leave her the story to relate,
 “ How fortune robb’d her of a mate,
 “ Who lov’d no less sincere.
 “ Then shall their mutual sorrows join,
 “ Though distantly remov’d ;
 “ And when a parting breath as mine,
 “ Shall mingle with a soul like thine,
 “ I’ll die to be belov’d.”

To a gentleman who laughed at the word Love.

I.

“**C**URS’D be the man who dares avow,
 “ That love’s sweet passion cloy :
 “ Let such their ill-bought hearts pursue,
 “ And live on purchas’d joys.

II.

“ Such casual joy can never charm,
 “ But through a want of sense —
 “ Can we suppose that heart will warm,
 “ Which only weighs your pence.

“ Her

POEMS ON VARIOUS

III.

- “ Her eyes your glitt’ring ore behold,
 “ At once she seems to love :
 “ For cease your Danae’s show’r of gold,
 “ And soon the change you prove.

IV.

- “ Then never weigh thy happiness
 “ In balance to thy purse ;
 “ Since what seems now consummate bliss,
 “ To-morrow proves a curse.

V.

- “ The purchas’d fair must ever cloy—
 “ A bliss we can’t retain—
 “ Say, don’t you sicken at a joy
 “ Your gold alone could gain ?

VI.

- “ But let the passion be sincere,
 “ And love the price of love ;
 “ No hour of penitence you’ll fear,
 “ Your bliss will e’en improve.

VII.

- “ Each morn will bring still new delight,
 “ Unknown, unfelt before ;
 “ And sorrow’s most unwelcome night
 “ Shall now be grief no more.

VIII.

- “ Her eye will give you tear for tear,
 “ Her heart keep pace with thine ;
 “ For ev’ry sigh, a sigh you’ll hear,
 “ Such as too oft are mine.

“ Increase

IX.

- " Increase of appetite will grow
 " On what it daily feeds ;
 " If once the tear which falls for woe,
 " The gen'rous bliss succeeds."

O D E.

I.

- " FROM gen'rous eyes, oh sweet repose !
 " Those balmy tears distil,
 " Which steal each mourner from his woes,
 " And bid despair be still.

II.

- " Prolong the smiling infant's rest,
 " Who yet no sorrow knows ;
 " Nor less the mother's bleeding breast,
 " To softest peace compose.

III.

- " Her mind the fairest dreams adorn,
 " That wave on fancy's wing ;
 " The purple of ascending morn,
 " The bloom of op'ning spring.

IV.

- " Let all that sooths the soul, and charms,
 " Her midnight hours employ ;
 " Till blest in her dear parents arms,
 " She wakes to *real* joy."

C

O D E.

O D E.

I.

“THE cruel gusts which, but this morn,
 “ Threw my fair lilly down,
 “ May, spite of all my hopes, return,
 “ And all my sorrows crown.

II.

“ Yet, tho’ but for a little hour,
 “ I’ll raise its injur’d head ;
 “ ’Tis all, alas ! in my sad pow’r,
 “ Tho’ future storms I dread.

III.

“ Then wreak your vengeance, cruel winds,
 “ On common fruits and flow’rs ;
 “ Misfortune should avoid such minds,
 “ As heav’n might say is *Our’s*.”

O D E.

On the Death of General Wolfe.

I.

“OH ! tyrant Death, how wast thou proof
 “ Against Britannia’s tears !
 “ Did we for Wolfe not weep enough,
 “ ’Ere death had seal’d our fears ?

II.

“ Oft did our hopes to doubt still yield,
 “ Ere his sad fate we knew ;
 “ For hope would whisper from the field,
 “ Perhaps it is not true.

“ At

III.

“ At length we said, could nothing move
 “ Thy pity, or thy pow’r ?
 “ To rob a nation of its love,
 “ Amidst of youth the flow’r !

IV.

“ Or was it more from kindness done
 “ To his immortal name,
 “ You chose to set his rising sun
 “ With gems of endless fame.”

O D E.

I.

“ **T**HE miser, whom we most deplore,
 “ Has still one secret bliss —
 “ That while he counts his endless store,
 “ He finds the sum increase.

II.

“ The soldier, when he takes the field,
 “ Forgets all danger near ;
 “ In hopes the enemy will yield,
 “ Is void of ev’ry fear.

III.

“ The sailor quits his native shore,
 “ And trusts the faithless main ;
 “ Fearless he hears the billows roar,
 “ For all his end is gain.

IV.

“ His golden crop the peasant views,
 “ Amidst each season’s frown ;
 “ Sure heav’n, he cries, will not refuse
 “ What ought to be my own.

V.

“ But oh ! in love’s too cruel fate,
 “ We seldom find return ;
 “ Whether by coldness, or by fate,
 “ Souls rarely *equal* burn.”

O D E,

To a Friend in Confinement.

I.

“ **H**OW oft I ask at solemn eve,
 “ Why are the good, alone, oppress’d ?
 “ No answer can I e’er receive,
 “ But that all ill is for the best.”

II.

“ ’Tis thus the friend to human kind
 “ Is hid, alas ! from day and me —
 “ Hadst thou possess’d a vulgar mind,
 “ Like vulgar minds you had been free.”

III.

“ Then bear your sorrows yet awhile,
 “ The hour arrives you’ll sigh no more :
 “ Yes — learn from one devoid of guile,
 “ That honour waits to ope’ the door.”

O D E,

I.

“ **W**OULD you know how much I love,
 “ And my dearest friendship prove ;
 “ Never wait, or ling’ring stand,
 “ Take at once my rival’s hand.”

“ He

II.

- “ He has flocks and herds to give—
 “ He can bid Maria live :
 “ I have nothing but an heart,
 “ Only rich, as void of art.

III.

- “ Wretched wishes are in vain ;
 “ I may wish, and wish again—
 “ Will they comfort *once* bestow ?
 “ Can they smoothe the bed of woe ?

IV.

- “ Yet should fortune cease to frown,
 “ And smile on him who is your own—
 “ Think how curs'd may be our fate,
 “ Happy only when too late !

V.

- “ What pow'r, alas ! can then recal ?
 “ 'Tis anarchy—confusion all—
 “ Yet vain is all I say to move,
 “ For I, alas ! have nought but love.”

To Miss A— Cocks.

WHILE my dear Anna, free from care,
 Enjoys her cot, and country air ;
 Sees radiant suns each morning rise,
 And counts each colour of the skies :
 Hears the sweet linnet, free from sorrow,
 At her blest window bid good morrow :
 Poor sad Maria, with a frown,
 Still doom'd to atmosphere of town,

Sighs

Sighs out her tedious days of leisure,
 In what the world so ill calls pleasure;
 For, truly, she would all resign,
 To taste one hour which equals thine.

While we both Indies search to deck
 Our breakfast table here—good lack!
 You catch the first cow that is quiet,
 And find at once a purer diet.
 No hip—hysterical—such as we
 Too late perceive in curs'd bohea,
 Pursues your plain repasts when o'er;
 No—you are heartier than before.
 And taking croses your fields a stride,
 Look down on London's pomp and pride,
 Who, of each dainty still in spite,
 Lament a loss of appetite.

Methinks, to shun Sol's sultry beams,
 I see you wand'ring near those streams,
 Where I my infant limbs first lav'd,
 And ev'ry childish danger brav'd.
 The quiv'ring poplars o'er my head
 Trembled, I thought, lest I was dead;
 And Philomel's sad notes replied,
 Had she not bath'd, she had not dy'd.
 These, my dear Anna, were in truth
 The pleasing sorrows of our youth.

Jardini's finger, when he draws
 Souls from dull bodies with applause—
 Guadagni's so mellifluous throat,
 Which cheats the linnet of his note;
 All, all, would I resign to be
 One hour in solitude with thee,

His

His finger would be soon supplied,
 By the first linnet at your side—
 Her voice would soon an equal find,
 In ev'ry bush, before—behind—
 The very flail, though harsh to you ;
 The waggon bells, though ill-tun'd too ;
 To me, with country prospects join'd,
 Would animate a dying mind.

Oh ! Harriot, yet some pity give
 To her who wishes but to live ;
 For life we cannot call it here,
 Where on each side dwells ev'ry fear.
 At midnight, dreadful fire's alarm ;
 In ev'ry street vile robbers swarm :
 Your very bosom friend betrays,
 And injures you a thousand ways.
 Some other name in pity give,
 For 'tis to breathe, and not to live.

Come, let me fancy for a while,
 That I am clamb'ring ev'ry stile,
 Which leads to that dear meadow gay,
 Where our young school-mates us'd to play—
 The joy of silencing the dog,
 With many a stone, and many a log,
 Was greater far than now I know,
 In driving off a fop or beau.

If we with bended pin have took
 A minim from the limpid brook,
 How did our little pulses beat !
 It was of joy indeed a treat,
 Beyond what now I find to catch
 The prospect of a city match.

Sighs out her tedious days of leisure,
 In what the world so ill calls pleasure;
 For, truly, she would all resign,
 To taste one hour which equals thine.

While we both Indies search to deck
 Our breakfast table here—good lack !
 You catch the first cow that is quiet,
 And find at once a purer diet.
 No hip—hysteria—such as we
 Too late perceive in curs'd bohea,
 Pursues your plain repasts when o'er ;
 No—you are heartier than before.
 And taking cros your fields a stride,
 Look down on London's pomp and pride,
 Who, of each dainty still in spite,
 Lament a loss of appetite.

Methinks, to shun Sol's sultry beams,
 I see you wand'ring near those streams,
 Where I my infant limbs first lav'd,
 And ev'ry childish danger brav'd.
 The quiv'ring poplars o'er my head
 Trembled, I thought, lest I was dead ;
 And Philomel's sad notes replied,
 Had she not bath'd, she had not dy'd.
 These, my dear Anna, were in truth
 The pleasing sorrows of our youth.

Jardini's finger, when he draws
 Souls from dull bodies with applause—
 Guadagni's so mellifluent throat,
 Which cheats the linnet of his note ;
 All, all, would I resign to be
 One hour in solitude with thee,

His

His finger would be soon supplied,
By the first linnet at your side—
Her voice would soon an equal find,
In ev'ry bush, before—behind—
The very flail, though harsh to you ;
The waggon bells, though ill-tun'd too ;
To me, with country prospects join'd,
Would animate a dying mind.

Oh ! Harriot, yet some pity give
To her who wishes but to live ;
For life we cannot call it here,
Where on each side dwells ev'ry fear.
At midnight, dreadful fire's alarm ;
In ev'ry street vile robbers swarm :
Your very bosom friend betrays,
And injures you a thousand ways.
Some other name in pity give,
For 'tis to breathe, and not to live.

Come, let me fancy for a while,
That I am clamb'ring ev'ry stile,
Which leads to that dear meadow gay,
Where our young school-mates us'd to play—
The joy of silencing the dog,
With many a stone, and many a log,
Was greater far than now I know,
In driving off a fop or beau.

If we with bended pin have took
A minim from the limpid brook,
How did our little pulses beat !
It was of joy indeed a treat,
Beyond what now I find to catch
The prospect of a city match.

To souls, the common race above,
Ah ! what is wealth compar'd to love ?

I see you with your head reclin'd,
Catching each zephyr in the wind,
Beneath some hospitable tree—
Ah ! would it also shelter'd me.
You gather daisies as you lay—
The pebbled stream still hastes away ;
And as it prattles there along,
Invites you to a simpler song,
'Than our starchy London damsels know—
How should they, bred in gilded woe ?
Of ev'ry rural thought bereft,
They have not one idea left,
But leads them, far as they perceive,
To flatter, and of course deceive.

I hate to see the Windsor Fly,
As ev'ry morning it goes by ;
And envy ev'ry gouty dame,
Who takes her place,—“ See my own name.”
While I must still my bosom strike,
That I can never do the like.

Think on the wretch—dear Harriot, do,
Who only sighs to be with you—
Repines amidst her stars and garters,
That London is her summer quarters :
Who fain would o'er the thicket range,
And artificial pleasures change ;
To hear the concert of a brook ;
To stride the green with shepherd's crook ;
To snatch an apple from the tree,
As the bent bough shall traverse me.

Oh !

Oh ! days and nights, in truth divine,
 When ev'ry wish I have is thine ;
 And when, to finish all the feast,
 At length arrives that hour of rest,
 Stranger to ev'ry female here,
 Who breathes this wretched atmosphere ;
 Where e'en our very dreams may prove
 Sweet emblems of that life I love ;
 But which, for so the fates decree,
 Now falls to *you*, instead of *me*.

The Answer.

I.

WHILE dear Maria mourns her fate,
 In such pathetic strains ;
 Hear what her Anna can relate,
 Of these so boasted plains.

II.

Think you that ploughman can't deceive ?
 I warrant you he can :
 Village or town, where'er they live,
 Man still will be a man.

III.

Oh ! did you know the hearts he broke,
 When first he danc'd at Lizes ;
 You'd swear that country love's a joke,
 And clowns look sharp for prizes.

IV.

You talk of linnets, larks, and birds,
 That sing so wond'rous true ;
 You may have these without more words,
 And hear *Jardini* too.

V.

But Anna here, from morn to night,
 Can only hear her linnet :
 I wish you but the same delight,
 You'd swear there's nothing in it.

VI.

The bowl of milk from brindled cow,
 May suit the ploughman's son ;
 But I must rob both Indies too,
 Or else I am undone.

VII.

The limpid brook, and purling stream,
 Are, doubtless, pleasing things ;
 But I've no fancy now to swim,
 As when in leading-strings.

VIII.

The coach returning home to town,
 Makes me, like March-hare, mad ;
 And oft I wish to make up one,
 E'en tho' they look so fad.

IX.

A moonshine ramble o'er the glade,
 Is sure a spritely thing :
 I'd sooner see,—as I'm a maid—
 Smith—Garrick—Yates—or King.

X.

Whene'er your pretty curtain draws,
 What woods are then in view !
 Not fill'd with clowns and loud jackdaws,
 With carts and waggons too.

Your,

XI.

Your forests glitter with a beau,
A lover and his friend—
To see such things you well might go
Some twenty mile an end.

XII.

I'd sooner climb a side-box row,
That twenty stiles had by—
How sweet to hear, "You press me so,
" Pray do not sit so nigh."—

XIII.

Our appetite, you praise so dear,
Is more a plague than pleasure—
To eat at ev'ry house that's near,
And do it so at leisure.—

XIV.

The quiv'ring poplars you so prize,
So far from charming me;
Remind me of the child that dies
Of agues—wretchedly!

XV.

Our daisies o'er th' enamell'd grove,
Are all not worth a farthing:
I'll send them, if such flow'rs you love,
To fade in Covent Garden.

XVI.

Give me, instead of mossy bow'rs,
Sofas of Eastern pride—
I think good fatten, wrought in flow'rs,
Much fitter for a bride.

XVII.

In short, Maria, tho' I long
 To see you more than ever ;
 Believe me, I am still so young,
 So whimsical and clever ;

XVIII.

That I had rather quit my flocks,
 My herds, and russet gown,
 To flit it in a dear green box,
 And live in London town.

XIX.

I cannot talk to sheep and cows ;
 Lord ! how must Anna look ?
 Give me a flock of handsome beaus,
 I'll watch them with a crook.

XX.

A crook—which shall the wand'ers guide,
 And bring them to my hand—
 For, trust me, that, with all their pride,
 They shall obey command.

O D E.

I.

“ A Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry art
 “ To warm and keep the coldest heart,
 “ In secret, mine possess'd :
 “ The morning bud that fairest blows,
 “ The cedar which so stately grows,
 “ His face and shape express'd.”

“ In

II.

- “ In moving sounds he told his tale,
“ Soft as the sighings of the gale,
“ That wakes the vernal year—
“ No wonder he cou’d charm with ease,
“ Whom happy nature form’d to please,
“ And sense had made sincere.

III.

- “ How little did my vows prevail ?
“ Fate spread the long-love-ling’ring fail,
“ And bid my charmer go :
“ The sun which saw that fail when spread,
“ Unpitying knew the tears I shed,
“ And only mock’d my woe.

IV.

- “ From my fond arms too rudely torn,
“ In tears my loss I still must own,
“ My hard and hapless fate :
“ Tears which must ever, ever fall,
“ ’Till heav’n, indulgent, shall recal
“ This sentence of my fate.

V.

- “ For that blest hour I’ll constant pray,
“ And court each melancholy day,
“ To shake the ling’ring sand ;
“ And, in return, no fabled she
“ In constancy shall rival me,
“ ’Till he shall bless the land.

“ Then

VI.

" Then heav'n, propitious to my pray'r,
 " To my last treasure shew your care,
 " And place him on this shore :
 " To bless his latest hour of life,
 " Make me his ever happy wife,
 " I never ask for more."

The W I S H.

HAD I my wish, as sure I might,
 If matters had been manag'd right ;
 Though, second thoughts—I can't repine,
 Since fortune is a friend of thine.
 And who knows too, but still I may,
 When honesty shall come in play.
 When int'rest shall forsake the earth,
 And friendship have a second birth :
 When godliness shall be preferr'd
 To gold, e'en by the rev'rend herd—
 All this may never come to pass ;
 Why then—I am but where I was.
 But, 'till that welcome day arrive,
 Which bids in hopes Maria live,
 Let me, awhile, in fancy know
 The joy of quitting London woe.
 Imagination shall make room,
 To bid the pleasing prospect come ;
 And thus, on waking dream intent,
 I'll find a second-hand content.

My cot—the simplest of its kind,
 Shelter'd by hills from Scottish wind,

Should

Should white as Alpine snows appear,
To prove the innocence that's near.

Like a fair neck above our stays,

It should be seen but by degrees :

For pray, where is the fondest lover,

If we each charm at once discover ?

Bosom'd in tufted trees then see,

At once, my pretty cot and me.

'Tis on the sunny side the hill,

The bottom wash'd by many a rill.

Armies of bees, with humming song,

The parti-colour'd garden throng ;

Who whisper, soon they'll make me thrive,

By many a well-replenish'd hive.

Nay, more, they do it in return

For ev'ry walk but ev'ry morn,

I let them in my garden take,

Roving like any London rake ;

Precipitate, from hour to hour,

To ev'ry aromatic flow'r.

Some goody-dame, who now and then,

Could tell me five and five make ten :

And even that, or more or less,

Should only happen but by guess.—

Who, when she sees o'erflowing drains,

Can wisely hint to me, it rains.—

Tells folks I am a wond'rous creature,

A prodigy in human nature ;

Because she sees me, now and then,

Striking my head, and bite my pen.—

She should, as lady steward, watch

O'er all beneath my royal thatch :

For

For sure I am a queen at least,
 Who can forbid each idle guest,
 That fain would ope my silent door—
 Yet, with unbounded love, restore
 My welcome to some chearful friend,
 Who visits—not with city end—
 But comes, like my dear honest Bess,
 In hospitality's true dress.

See how the gen'rous cow affords
 Her treasures for our cream and curds.
 I never ask'd her such a gift ;
 'Tis her own voluntary lift ;
 And, the reverse of modern man,
 Repeats her bounties when she can.

Here must I lug each penny forth,
 To get each penny's wretched worth :
 And when I fain would trace my ground,
 Where lettuces and roots abound ;
 And give the preference so due,
 As ever I should, but for you—
 No—says a noisy dame, who cries,
 Through ev'ry street, her merchandize,
 Take it—or let it all alone—
 Oh ! what a garden is this town !
 Where not one soul in twenty knows
 How cellery or endive grows.
 What crime have I, i'th' name of truth,
 Committed in my early youth ;
 That I'm thus doom'd, as well you see,
 To lose my sweetest liberty—
 Have I, like Wilkes, wrote *Forty-five* ?
 Or Bingley—strangest fool alive !

Refus'd,

Refus'd, as is the world's suggestion,
 To answer ev'ry popish question—
 No—I, to gain the sight of day,
 As said poor Teague the other day,
 Would swear with ev'ry yes and no,
 To more—much more than I can know.

See—tho' in fancy let me see ;
 'Twill, in some measure, soothe poor me—
 How my dear lambs, as oft they do,
 Pass in a kind of mixt review :
 For, mingled with the fleecy train,
 My chickens stride the velvet plain ;
 Emblem of what, without pretence,
 Appear'd in days of innocence.

My cellar, with home-liquor stor'd,
 Should imitate my frugal board.
 No purchas'd wines from foreign land
 Should on my humble table stand—
 A joy, to many quite unknown,
 To say each bottle was my own.

Sure, this is bliss, if bliss there be,
 And tho' the lot of you—not me ;
 Yet will I hope you may bestow
 One wish of your's to make it so.

See round each window, as a blind,
 How the sweet honeysuckles bind,
 And form a shade, at noon-day too,
 Which chintz and cotton cannot do.
 Where are your gay Venetian frames,
 The pride of court and city dames ?
 Give me the flaunting eglantine,
 The passion-flow'r, so deckt ! so fine !

Nature's perfum'd umbrellas these—
 And nature sure must ever please.
 Behold ! or do I vainly dream ?
 The *liquid lapse of murm'ring stream*—
 The silver slope of many a rill,
 Along that variegated hill,
 Where ever-greens, with roses round,
 Chequer the too enchanted ground—
 The roses fall—and falling prove
 An emblem of our modern love :
 While the grave laurel still remains,
 In spite of winter's snows and rains,
 And, a true emblem of the friend,
 Continues steady to the end.

The distant spire one hardly sees,
 For groves of venerable trees ;
 Yet, guided by its solemn bell,
 Of some sad nymph, perhaps, the knell,
 I trace it, and with pleasure view,
 As ev'ry tomb sure tells me true,
 That here, perhaps, and side by side,
 Are bury'd piety and pride.—
 Here too, a love-sick virgin lies,
 Next him who never knew the prize—
 And penury, almost to want,
 Presses on wealth with many a taunt :
 For here, in spite of gold or fame,
 We are, alas ! but just the same.

Remove me from this solemn ground,
 To where more cheerful accents sound ;
 Where many a man, and many a maid,
 In white simplicity array'd,

With

With step more lively there attend
The marriage of some village friend.
Hark ! how the wedding peal around
Re-echoes o'er the daised ground—
The varied dance—the lover's song—
At last are all esteem'd too long :
For see the bridegroom side by side,
Enamour'd of his new-made bride,
Longs for to have the stocking thrown,
That they may sooner be alone.

From the next willow-weeping brook
I draw, with many a chosen hook,
The trout which I at noon intend
To feast my long-expected friend.—
Think, as it on the table lies,
How oft I tell, with eagereft eyes,
The tricks he play'd, the schemes he try'd,
To baffle all my angling pride ;
'Till, like a lover, he gave way,
Forc'd to become an easy prey :
For what can possibly withstand
The magic of a female hand ?

The western sun, no longer red,
Gives us the hint to steal to bed.
Sweet sleep—of temperance the fruit,
Of ev'ry happiness the root ;
Mingled with dreams of some good heart,
Who takes our feeble sex's part,
Push on the nightly hand of time,
'Till the sheep's bells begin to chime,
As from their daised couch they turn,
To crop the dainties of the morn :

For while the dew-drops on the grafs
 Sparkle like gems or cryftal glafs,
 'The fleecy train, no lefs than you,
 Gain health and delicacy too.

Wak'd by the fhepherd's fimple note,
 Or Philomela's liquid throat,
 I enter confecrated bow'rs,
 Enamell'd with a thoufand flow'rs ;
 And, looking up to heav'n, I fay,
 Thanks for the bleffing of the day—
 Thanks for the treasure of a friend—
 A pleafure which can never end !
 Thanks for the greateft treasure too,
 The wifhes of a friend like you.

Oh ! let us arm in arm explore
 Fresh beauties, never gueft before ;
 As thro' the various walks we tread,
 Comparing with what oft we read :
 The nat'ral hiftory of bees,
 Of fifh who fwarm the rills or feas ;
 Of ev'ry bird that wings the fky,
 To the bright being of a fly :
 Of ev'ry herb that fips the dew ;
 Of ev'ry infect, old or new.
 'Till wrapt in contemplation fweet,
 Of philofophic minds the treat ;
 We quit this fublunary earth,
 And feel a kind of fecond birth,
 Unknown to mercenary minds,
 And which, alone, the happy finds.
 Who can, like you—perhaps, like me,
 In hour of fweet fimplicity,

AND SELECT OCCASIONS. 29

Shut against pomp and pride the door,
And cry—Be happy, and be poor.

O D E.

I.

W Hene'er I praise my Philly's eyes,
Her mouth, and ev'ry blooming grace;
The peevish baggage still replies,
I hate such flatt'ry to my face.

II.

If so, my charmer, tell me why
Whole hours you at the toilet pass—
You plainly see, dear girl, that I
Agree exactly with your glass.

E C H O, *a Dialogue.*

S W E E T Goddess, who, in clefted rocks,
Dwell't amongst herds and simple flocks,
Tell how my fair one I may gain?

Answer.

Gain.

But she may haply chance to be
Of gen'rous mind, a different she—
One who despises gold, perhaps—

Answer.

Perhaps!

Lord! how you doubt the general sex—
Your answers puzzle and perplex.
Tell me, how shall I make her love?

Answer.

Love.

But

But will affection always burn,
And give an equal true return ?
How shall I bring my lips to do it ?

Answer.

Do it.

Yet do I hate a glimpse of light ;
I swear it, by this moon-shine night—
I could not bear to lose a smile.

Answer.

I smile.

Come, prythee, Echo, be my friend,
And let us soon the matter end :
If not, on the cold earth I'll lie.

Answer.

You lye.

And never think of comfort more—
Adieu ! what pleasures past before !
How shall I find a cure to love ?

Answer.

Two love.

Death is the only cure I know—
Ring my sad knell, to end my woe—
Adieu ! life—friendship—then, love—all—

Answer.

Then love all.

Yes—second thoughts—I'll live to see
Some small revenge, my remedy—
The love for woman has no end.

Answer.

No end.

'Tis, at the best, a vain pursuit—
Would I had been but born a brute !
Echo, farewell—women are deep.

Answer.

Deep.

Their

Their cunning, henceforth ! I'll despise,
 Nor be a slave to lips and eyes ?
 Woman I see is not the thing.

Answer.

The thing.

The female Auction.

AS I return'd from Hyde-park air,
 I crost, by chance, St. James's Square;
 There, at a certain door, I spy'd
 A Persian carpet spreading wide;
 A silver-headed pole bespoke,
 That my suspicion was no joke;
 For, as I did suspect, above
 Was a fine auction—*bid for love*;
 Whether you chuse to buy or not,
 So said the paper of each lot ?

I look'd around a spacious room,
 Well *cupulo'd* with gilded dome;
 And whisp'ring to a neighbouring dame,
 Who seem'd bewilder'd full the same;
 I ask'd, where lay the precious things ?
 The watches, plate, enamell'd rings,
 The seals and trinkets debonair,
 So much the objects of the fair;
 I saw no beakers of japan,
 Nor double well-dissembled fan,
 Nor nodding *Bramin* with his pike,
 Bowing to every soul alike :
 I look for tall *Pagodas* too ?
 In vain, no such appear'd in view ;
 Stay, says my neighbouring female friend,
 Have patience—and like me, attend !

The

The treasures of this chamber lie
 In a small compass—will you buy?
 For 'ere the auctioneers begin
 To set their wig and stroke the chin;
 I can, before-hand, tell you how
 Each article, or high, or low,
 Will be exhibited to view;
 Sit down, and I will tell you true.

In that small box, mark'd with a C,
 Is the whole Sex's constancy;
 I warrant, twenty times at least,
 It has been set up for the best,
 But not a soul would bid a *Souse*!
 'Twas the worst drug in all the house;
 Put up, laid down, put up again,
 They found the sale was all in vain:
 For ev'ry lady sneering, said
 It was old-fashion'd—a thing dead;
 And what no lady of *bon ton*
 Would ever value one pound one:

In that, which like a pill-box seems,
 Sure the poor foolish broker dreams!
 For how can he expect a sale?
 'Tis love—long since a worn-out tale;
 Seal'd up, to make it better go,
 With conjugal affection too?

What lady, now beneath the sky,
 Would half an ounce of patience buy?
 Patience! that virtue old as Adam,
 The toad of every London madam;
 No—had there been a *ton* of spirit,
 Such as court-ladies all inherit;

I will

I will engage, there had been buyers !
 The very dames of country 'squires,
 Would scarce for patience pay a shilling,
 E'en in the honey-moon of billing.
 No ! spirit, spirit's all the mode,
 We hate dull patience like a toad.

But, as you seem a stranger here,
 Just follow me by t'other stair ;
 There you shall see and hear enough—
 None of your antiquated stuff.

A room appear'd of gothic fize,
 The cieling braving to the skies ;
 Rows of bright dames in order sat,
 And not without their private chat ;
 That to a stranger would appear,
 As tho' old *Babel's* tow'r was near.

Now ! not an article but sold,
 Each purse, still, glitt'ring with new gold ;
 No matter what the broker's price is,
 This pattern's good, this china nice is ;
 My husband's an industrious man,
 He'll pay the purchase if he can ;
 If not ! my lord—no matter who—
 Will clear me without more ado.

But, see ! how quick the private trade
 Goes off to ev'ry wife or maid ;
 A Recipè—tho' but in part,
 To break an honest husband's heart ;
 Sells for a *thousand pounds* you see !
 Who'd be without *such Recipè* ?
 As the advantage is so great,
 A second husband—fresh estate ;

No purchase surely can be much,
Such early happiness to touch.

In short, and not grow tedious too,
The broker had enough to do ;
Pride sold, at least full cent per cent,
For more than t'other day in Lent.

Mock-jealousy for ladies nice,
Bore too—a most uncommon price ;
For a court-lady ev'ry day,
Who wishes but to go astray ;
Has not a surer card to throw,
Than to be jealous, *first* you know.

'Twere endless to describe the rest,
In general—all sold for the best ;
For scarce a single lot remains,
Which would be worth your journey's pains.
So now subscribing me your friend,
My letter and my auction end.

P. S. Our news and politics together,
Are changing daily like the weather ;
Like bells in country steeple nigh,
Sometimes sound low, at others high :
Just as the winds of party blow,
He who knows most, seems least to know.
In ev'ry alley, ev'ry street,
Some odd upholsterer we meet,
Who plagues us with a "*what's the news?*"
I still in silence, court the muse ;
Indifferent who, or when or where,
Fills the late Speaker's gouty chair ;
Who governs all the closet-wheels,
Who *takes*, or who *resigns* the seals :

In short ! so I can close the day,
 Without a wish that goes astray ;
 And like yourself, can keep the friend
 Still firm, and constant to the end.
 I'm happy as a bard can be,
 In noise and nonsense without thee.

O D E.

I.

I Ask'd my heart the other day,
 For we have often much to say,
 More than the world shall know ;
 Why, in the name of heaven and fate,
 Do you thus flutter so of late ?
 And fill my mind with woe.

II.

From solid reasons, I can prove
 The cause is not as once—sad love,
 For one who flights my heart :
 That dream, thank heaven ! is long since past,
 Full twenty moons I bid my last
 Adieu ! and chose to part.

III.

Do satisfy my longing wish,
 No longer cry out *phoo* and *pish*,
 Indeed I burn to guess ;
 For if you will but tell a part,
 I still will thank my honest heart,
 For loving me no less.

IV.

Why then ! to speak the honest truth,
I pity your so easy youth,
That ne'er suspects a wrong.
So when I flutter, 'tis to arm
Your heart against some coming harm,
From hands for you too strong.

V.

Whene'er I see a flatt'rer near,
I flutter till I teach you fear,
Which fear is your best friend :
And when I find you shun the snare,
I cry, 'tis me who took the care,
Or woe had been her end.

VI.

When eager to defend a cause,
I know is wrong to gain applause,
Which girls too often do :
I flutter then with double haste,
You drop the subject—all is past,
What praise is not your due ?

VII.

Thus I endeavour, ev'ry hour,
To shew my love, and prove my pow'r,
O'er minds, like your's, so free ;
Then do not blame me that I burn,
And flutter ev'ry night and morn,
'Till you are blest like me.

O D E.

I.

THE golden wretch, who lays his head
On Persia's rich embroider'd bed,
In mock of eastern pride;
Gives me some comfort when he cries,
I cannot close my weary eyes,
And turns from side to side.

II.

When, on his daily table, you
Each far-fetch'd, dear-bought dainty view,
To give his soul delight :
Alas ! next minute, you may hear,
What between hope or sinking fear,
“ Where is my appetite ? ”

III.

Yet I—poor I ! on pallet stretcht,
The tester of that bed too thatcht,
Sleep and forget my care ;
And when my humble board is spread,
In gratitude I bow my head,
And relish ev'ry fare.

IV.

Then what are riches but to prove,
They cannot purchase e'en that love,
Which ev'ry shepherd gains :
No wonder, spite of all I say,
The wealthy ever miss the way ;
True love consists in pains.

Yes—

V.

Yes ! we must feel much sorrow too,
 Ere we can win the nymph we woo—
 Griefs, which, at length, will please :
 The rich, who hate a moment's pain,
 Will never real pleasure gain,
 Or know such joys as these.

VI.

No— happiness will, only, dwell
 In shepherd's hut, and hermit's cell,
 Such as I have in view :
 And, if the sofa won't give rest,
 Nor dainties to the taste a zest,
 I'm happiest of the two.

VII.

Then keep your gilded roofs yourselves,
 Ye money-getting, mole-like elves,
 Who blindly strive for bliss—
 Money, when we are satisfied,
 Is useless trash, and nought beside,
 Nor worth an harlot's kiss.

VIII.

For oh ! I know ye cannot buy
 The treasure of one real sigh,
 Such as I him will give,
 Who, spite of endless fate, goes on,
 In that kind way he first begun,
 And bids Maria live.

IX.

Not live—as citizens would say,
 With ill-cramm'd tables, twice a-day,¹
 Unknown to love and me :
 No— in two single words he'll join,
 All that I wish to add to mine,
 “ *Be happy,*” and “ *Be free.*”

S A P P H I C O D E.

I.

HAppy, thrice happy, is the maid,
 Who, distant from the town,
 Can call, as ne'er by love betray'd,
 Each hour her own.

II.

Possessing still her virtuous heart,
 And looking down on man ;
 At length, she'll baffle all their art,
 Do what they can.

III.

Knowing the force of innocence,
 She'll wander without fear ;
 And should she want to call up sense,
 'Tis ever near.

IV.

She hears of London's stately dames,
 Who barter peace for woe ;
 And, tho' she will not tell their names,
 Knows it is so.

V.

At early morn she sweeps the dew,
 To find the milk-swoln cow ;
 At eve, she walks where turtles coo,
 On ev'ry bough.

VI.

Do what she will— go where she please,
 Fair joy pursues the dame :
 Oh ! London— can you boast such ease ?
 Or half the same.

VII.

No— they look back and back again,
 On innocence now lost ;
 But all their fighting is in vain—
 Vain is the cost.

VIII.

Like traces on the furrow'd deep,
 It is not to be found ;
 Just like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
 Or fancy's round.

IX.

Waking, you feel the sad deceit,
 Void as your hand before :
 Too late, you find it all a cheat—
 'Tis all no more.

X.

Then keep your golden innocence,
 Ye virgins, and be wise ;
 Unless the bride will recompence,
 And pay the prize.

Then

XI.

Then will you not repent too late,
 That you have stay'd so long —
 Remember, girls, and meditate,
 On this my song.

XII.

A song which ever will be true,
 In country or in town ;
 And so— without more words— adieu !
 I am your own.

E P I T A P H.

On Miss F—— R——l.

I.

HERE sleep the relicts of a broken heart,
 Who lov'd too much, and this was all her crime ;
 Could she have play'd the common female art,
 She might have liv'd, and happy, to this time.

II.

But she, alas ! cou'd never tell her love—
 True love is silent, as is real grief—
 Those who can either tell, will early prove,
 That utterance will always give relief.

III.

Then learn, alas ! from my sad hapless fate,
 To shun love's fatal, ever fatal, snare—
 Or, if you can't—at least, your tale relate,
 Lest you, too late, repent, and meet me here.

G

And

IV.

And why not clasp, at once, a corse like mine ?

Pull off your robes— put on your winding sheet—

For if your love has ever equall'd mine,

Why should not two such hapless lovers meet ?

*To Mr. Wilkes, with a Present of a Sword-knot, on his
Birth-day.*

“ **T**HAT liberty is still alive,

“ We owe to *Wilkes* and *Forty-five*.

“ And, thanks to *Glynn's* unceasing pains,

“ No longer *Britain* shakes her chains.

“ Chains— which have truly gall'd us more

“ Than those of *slaves* who tug the oar ;

“ And, but for some good friend, like *thee*,

“ Give up all hopes of liberty—

“ For nought, but *miracles*, can save

“ The *British* or the *galley* slave :

“ And, 'till we all were so befriended,

“ We thought that *miracles* were ended,

“ Women, of all the human kind,

“ Least brook restriction of the mind ;

“ For, e'en in matrimony too,

“ We still have liberty in view.

“ Think, but, how matters stood before ;

“ A *messenger* cou'd burst my door—

“ Seize all my *idle* works— nay, *read* 'em,

“ And through an *idler* city spread 'em.

“ Sweet situation ! thus to see

“ My simple works, and simpler me,

“ Expos'd to ev'ry *Jack of spite*,

“ Who never knew to *read* or *write*.

“ A few

- “ A few— for so the scriptures say,
“ Could have preserv’d, another day,
“ A city from that dreadful fate,
“ Which ev’ry school-boy can relate :
“ But there, alas ! they cou’d not find
“ *One* man of uncorrupted mind—
“ So down the city fell— they say—
“ Which we lament this very day—
“ Because, indeed, the case was hard !
“ Not one *just* man ! search ev’ry *ward*—
“ Tho’ hundreds would pretend it too,
“ *There*— well as *here*, sir,— *entre nous*.
“ Thrice happy Britain, which can boast
“ *One upright patriot*— tho’ *at most*—
“ Who could preserve us in the day
“ Of danger, and of dread dismay.
“ ’Tis hence we breathe the *vital air*,
“ And move and ramble here and there ;
“ Who, otherwise, in *durance vile*,
“ Might now be fighting *aye the while*,
“ In some vile prison— for the *Tow’r*
“ Is kept for men of *rank* and *pow’r*.
“ Oh ! liberty— thou greatest boon,
“ More worth than *all beneath the moon*,
“ How shall I fix thy *countless price* ?
“ The brilliant, set with art so nice,
“ That, once, on *Pitt’s* apparel shone,
“ And now all glitters on a throne,
“ Is poor in value to the worth
“ Of liberty on British earth.
“ The gold of Mexico— Peru—
“ And all that either India knew,

" Would, in my mind, but ill repay

" The *bondage* of a *single day*.

" Then what, alas ! can ever prove,

" Except a nation's endless love,

" A *just* reward for all you feel,

" In *pity* to the *common-weal*—

" Who, but for *Wilkes* and *Forty-five*,

" Cou'd hardly stile themselves *alive* :

" For bondage is a living *death*—

" Don't tell me of a loss of *breath*—

" That is a *general release*,

" Where all our pains and sorrows cease ;

" And truly may be call'd, d'ye see ?

" The essence of *true liberty*.

" And now, to end my tale— you see—

" Accept this sword-knot, due from me—

" My works, as scandal is the word,

" May want your tongue— perhaps, your sword."

* * * *The two first lines of this poem were worked on the sword-knot.*

O D E.

I.

" **T**HE countless drops, each *April* morn,

" Which spangle on the dew-bent thorn ;

" If she knew all, would faintly prove

" The tears I shed for her I love.

II.

" The sighs, now mingled with the wind,

" Were ev'ry hour to her confin'd ;

" But cruel winds can never move

" The cause— for, oh ! the cause is love.

" If

III.

- " If happiness her steps attend,
 " I'll quit the lover for the friend;
 " 'Till then! my heart shall never rove,
 " For spite of friendship, still I'll love.

IV.

- " Then! teach her heav'n, to know her state,
 " And not to rush on sudden fate;
 " Perhaps! some worthier may approve,
 " Prove that—and I'll *resign my love*."

O D E.

I.

- " SWEET deceiver of my heart!
 " Practise still, thy pleasing art!
 " My bliss, alas! will equal prove,
 " Make me but believe you love.

II.

- " Sweet is the rose's vernal bloom!
 " Sweet is the April morns' perfume;
 " Sweet are the minstrels of the grove!
 " But sweeter still, the voice of love.

III.

- " Then—let me hear those words again,
 " Which said—*Be happy!* not in vain,
 " A prophet is *Maria* grown,
 " For I am happier than I own."

POEMS ON VARIOUS
O D E.

I.

THE nymph with jealous love possess'd,
Such as no tongue can say,
Upbraids the hours delay,
And wishes—but to ease her breast—
The close of ev'ry day :—
Haste ! haste ! ye hours are all her song,
And wonders—wonders—moments are so long.

II.

But let her heart be blest in love,
And happy as before ;
She chides the flut'ring hour,
Whole days—she cries ! like moments prove,
In spite of reason's power—
In vain ! with time the fault we find—
Ah ! blame not time, but blame the love-sick mind.

A Billet-doux.

HOW oft ! with greedy rapture have I hung,
On each dear accent of thy lovely tongue—
How eager ! listen'd all the live-long day,
And gaz'd in silence—all my soul away ;
Language to love, tho' mutual fear denies,
Lovers can read it in each other's eyes.

S O N G.

I.

UNnumber'd nymphs have lately claim'd,
The love-sick Poet's fancy ;
Each card his fav'rite she has nam'd,
His Kitty, Sal, or Nancy ;

But

But none as yet have made a theme
Of her I shall discover;
Nor prais'd the various charms that beam,
From pretty Polly Glover.

II.

Her face's charms the more adorn,
The virtues of her mind;
Sweet as the health-bestowing morn,
And as it's breezes kind;
Survey her graces all around,
Where cupids sunk in clover;
And say, where such another's found,
As pretty Polly Glover.

III.

Let misers dark, increase their store,
Gay fops love dress and fashion;
Let soldiers fight for little more,
And patriots for their nation;
Dame Fortune will I only move,
To bless a constant lover,
And fill my arms with her I love,
In pretty Polly Glover.

O D E.

I.

“ **H**OW happy the infant! while pleas'd with it's toy,
“ In prattle it passes the day;
“ Possess'd of e'en this—'tis the height of its joy,
“ Nor laments, but when hinder'd of play.

“ Sweet

II.

- “ Sweet innocence smiles on it’s sun-smiling face,
 “ And bright joy sits inthron’d on it’s heart ;
 “ Each infantine action’s adorn’d with a grace,
 “ All unfullied by envy or art.

III.

- “ No passion convulses it’s delicate mind,
 “ Thro’ a dread of the past, or to come ;
 “ No malice a ready asylum can find,
 “ For content is her sweet harvest-home.

IV.

- “ Thus, no care can disturb her sweet innocent breast,
 “ As no guilt on it’s vitals can prey ;
 “ Unconscious ! it sinks into angel-like rest,
 “ And then wakes but to smile and to play.

V.

- “ Oh ! you gods—who would wish then, alas ! to be man ?
 “ Or, to manhood e’er wish to aspire ;
 “ Since the lot, which by wisdom we daily would plan,
 “ Is, at best ! but uneasy desire.

VI.

- “ Then, when malice and envy, and rage shall combine
 “ To imbitter, and give us to pain ;
 “ How oft, tho’ too late shall we deeply repine,
 “ And e’en wish to be children again.”

O D E, *On Friendship.*

I.

- “ **Y**ES ! friendship only guides my pen,
 “ And tunes my voice to sing ;
 “ Friendship ! the greatest gift to men,
 “ Of ev’ry bliss the spring !

“ Let

II.

- “ Let this mild passion gild our days,
“ And smooth life's rugged road ;
“ Such, as still shuns the courtiers ways,
“ And passes his abode.

III.

- “ Yes ! pure as the ætherial flame,
“ That lights the lamps above ;
“ Pure as the angel's thoughts from blame,
“ Or, as the infant's love.

IV.

- “ No selfish passion gnaws the breast,
“ Where friendship builds her seat ;
“ Benevolence there stands confest !
“ And pleasures, pleasures meet.

V.

- “ Abash'd at the superior rays
“ Of friendship's heav'n-born name,
“ Envy itself must learn to praise,
“ And malice cease to blame.

VI.

- “ From her discourse instruction flows,
“ Adorn'd in native smiles ;
“ A friendly heart no flatt'ry knows,
“ And scorns the courtier's wiles.

VII.

- “ Oh ! may this blessing still attend,
“ And all your footsteps guide ;
“ Nor want the pilot of a friend,
“ Thro' life's uncertain tide.

VIII.

- “ When swift-wing’d time shall stamp with years,
 “ Deep sorrow on thy brow ;
 “ Reflection shall afford no fears,
 “ Your inmost heart to know.

IX.

- “ Nay ! e’en when death, with keenest dart,
 “ Shall level at thy breast ;
 “ Joyous from life you may depart,
 “ And mingle with the blest.”

O D E.

I.

- “ SWEET friend ! and dear lover, adieu !
 “ Not less too—by nature ally’d ;
 “ Together in friendship we grew—
 “ Ah ! would we together had dy’d.

II.

- “ For thy faith well resembl’d my own,
 “ And thy heart too, was spotless and true ;
 “ Yet, now am I left but to moan,
 “ And to bid to thy virtue, adieu !

III.

- “ What bliss can hereafter be mine ?
 “ E’en suppose I your image should see ;
 “ To his bosom I ne’er can incline,
 “ Left again I should lose him, like thee—

IV.

- “ Tho’ the muses should bless my weak art,
 “ And tho’ honour and fortune should join ;
 “ Since death has deny’d me your part,
 “ What bliss can hereafter be mine.

“ Oh !

V.

- “ Oh ! most injur’d of lovers, farewell !
 “ Thy grave with sad ofiers I’ll bind—
 “ In that grave will my heart ever dwell,
 “ Tho’ my body remains still behind.

VI.

- “ Each morning I’ll steal to his tomb,
 “ And moisten his dust with my tears ;
 “ Methinks I can hear him say, come !
 “ See ! then—she whom you lov’d so, appears.

VII.

- “ Yes ! she means to desert the vain croud,
 “ Who affections like mine, but pretend ;
 “ Then wrap me but once in thy shroud,
 “ ’Till that day will my tears know no end.”

S O N G.

I.

- “ **U**Nder what planet—prythee say,
 “ Is wretched woman born ?
 “ Here we are bid to love to day,
 “ And there, to-morrow, scorn.

II.

- “ Treated, as if unfit to chuse,
 “ Nor e’en allow’d a part ;
 “ Whom to accept, or to refuse,
 “ In that same prize a heart.

III.

- “ We’re curb’d like any head-strong beast,
 “ And all our wishes bridled—
 “ Born, all our youth, to be oppress’d,
 “ Or be by some-one wheedled.

IV.

- “ But e’en the privilege they boast,
“ We women never share ;
“ Your gen’rous steeds can fly, at most,
“ The cruelty they fear.

V.

- “ The dog his master may forsake,
“ Yet not his worth impair ;
“ The horse his boasted rider shake,
“ And leave him in despair.

VI.

- “ But if poor woman shall contrive
“ Her guardian to forsake,
“ She must in endless scandal live,
“ Her part no friend will take.

VII.

- “ Into worse mischiefs, than she fled,
“ She must submit to fall :
“ Her sex despise—the men her dread—
“ This— this is worse than all.

VIII.

- “ Her only comfort is the grave,
“ For there, indeed, at last,
“ She may that only quiet have,
“ Which should heal all the past.”

A Farewel to the ——— Militia.

A GAIN I stand a candidate for bays,
Again invoke the muse's fav'rite lays !
Oh ! say— unsung shall ev'ry sorrowing fair
Breath out a sigh— or drop the pearly tear ?
And tho' no name is whisper'd to the wind,
Does therefore Stella less confusion find ?
Easy her grief by common minds is guest,
While one, alone, stands visibly confest
The pride of all— See conscious blushes stain
Each virgin cheek thro' ——— verdant plain.
All wish in private— for I know each heart,
To keep the whole, while I but wish a part—
Sure I shall that, at least, by time possess,
Who strives for more, deserves to have him less.

For him the matron wish'd to be sixteen,
Forget her morning hymn— her pray'r at e'en—
For him, the coated miss, tho' all in vain,
Sigh'd to be woman— and to join the train.
But now he's gone, assemblies strike no more,
Nor ev'ning walks along the ——— shore :
Alas ! no more does S—— rooms look gay,
Nor the lamps make an artificial day :
No more the torch blaze in our dazzled sight,
Nor joyous tapers usher in the night.
No music charm us with its chearful sound,
Nor the floor tremble with the dancers bound.
The shuffling cards no more our thoughts invade,
Nor flatt'ry charm the yet unthinking maid.
Like poor Othello, I am left to mourn
The trumpet's loss, the intermingled horn ;

The

The plumed chief, the cannon from afar,
 All pomp— all pride— all circumstance of war :
 We ladies— me the chief— are all undone—
 Alas ! poor S—— occupation gone.

O D E.

“ **S**TELLA, why, tho’ all in vain,
 “ Do you strive to welcome pain ?
 “ In my absence you wou’d know,
 “ When I wander, when I woo.
 “ Nay, to poison ev’ry blifs,
 “ You would know but ev’ry kifs,
 “ Which my ever-gallant turn
 “ Spreads around from morn to morn.
 “ Letters cruelly recite
 “ Secrets which should shun the light ;
 “ When your wand’rer shall return,
 “ And he feels your bosom burn ;
 “ Burn with the joy it did before,
 “ When I but enter’d Stella’s door.
 “ Then if he the tale relates,
 “ Of one that loves— and one that hates—
 “ It will heighten all your joys,
 “ When you find your former prize
 “ Safe within your happy arms,
 “ Free from dangers, free from harms.
 “ And when by certain signs you prove,
 “ All his changing was but love ;
 “ To see, alas ! if he could find
 “ Such another gen’rous mind.
 “ Thus the traveller, who sees
 “ Costly houses— palaces—

Tir’d,

- " Tir'd, he hopes the hour will come,
 " That he shall gain his simple home ;
 " Where, in one moment, he receives
 " True bliss, and then— then only, lives.

O D E.

- " **T**ELL me, why do I descry
 " A pearly drop in either eye ?
 " Must I, by your silence, know,
 " 'Tis, alas ! for others' woe—
 " Time, alas ! has often shown,
 " That you never weep your own.
 " I have hourly tears at will—
 " Oh ! let mine the measure fill !
 " Love, like mine, is ever loth ;
 " I have tears enough for both.
 " Keep your own for distant days ;
 " Care will vex a thousand ways :
 " Then your heart, indeed, may moan
 " Sorrows that will be your own.
 " Now rather let your heart beguile
 " Each dimpling cheek into a smile—
 " Such as may, still, make believe,
 " You have yet a heart to give.
 " While you weep, and seem so cross'd,
 " I must think your heart is lost ;
 " And fain I'd flatter my poor mind,
 " Stella is not so unkind,
 " As, in earnest, to bestow it,
 " While, in jest alone, I know it.

" Give

“ Give it thus but ev’ry day,
 “ I’ll be content, and sing and play;
 “ Pleas’d to think I keep the gem,
 “ While the case is but for them.”

*A Poem, on seeing the Convent at Lisle, where Col. Ross
 and Douglass died, after the Battle of Fontenoy.*

I.

SA Y, Marcate*, shall not thine illustrious name
 For ever grace the fair historic page?
 For ever glorious thy recorded fame,
 Shine forth to each succeeding gen’rous age.

II.

Thrice happy nun, within whose frozen arms
 The heav’n-born hero took his heav’nly flight,
 Grim death would seize on ev’ry beaming charm,
 Veiling his blooming days in endless night.

III.

Oh death! must youth and beauty be thy prey,
 While ling’ring on the tedious bed of pain,
 Or foremost in the battle’s fierce array,
 Pale mis’ry seeks thy aid, alas! in vain.

IV.

Each gen’rous Briton that shall passing view
 These walls, a tear shall never cease to yield,
 To the brave Ross and gallant Douglass due,
 Who fell in fatal Fontenoy’s hapless field.

* *The name of the convent Col. Ross died in, two miles
 from Lisle.*

Douglass,

V.

Douglass the mortal wound did first receive,
While Ross, repentant at the deadly fight,
Douglas,* he cry'd, by me thou diest, forgive
Thy friend, who urg'd thee to this fight.

VI.

I thank thee, Ross, th' expiring Douglass cry'd,
'Twas thou that did the gallant thought supply,
To bring me to this field, and 'tis my pride,
That in my dearest country's cause I die.

VII.

Let friendship then thy kindred soul beguile,
For mine, said Ross, awhile, alas ! to stay ;
Oh ! let thy Ross suspend thy flight awhile,
And soar with thee to realms of endless day.

VIII.

He said— and, with uncommon courage steel'd,
To avenge the luckless youth's untimely end,
He brav'd the utmost fury of the field,
And fell a victim to his hapless friend.

IX.

Who would not wish to expire with love of fame,
Like Douglass, on his gallant friend to bleed ?
For sure the souls of all in battle slain,
To heav'nly paradise will strait proceed.

* Col. Ross going by the way of Ostend, met with Col. Douglass, where he then was, who hearing of Ross's engagement, went a Volunteer to Fontenoy, where he met his death.

O D E.

I.

READ, gentle youth, these artless lines,
 An honest heart to prove ;
 Tune ev'ry line, make ev'ry strain,
 In harmony with love.

II.

Soon as the East's bespangled ray
 Bids flatt'ring fancy fly,
 To you I dedicate the day,
 For you I fondly sigh.

III.

If to the verdant mead I rove,
 Where bleats the plaintive ewe,
 Soft tender pangs my bosom move,
 My bosom pants for you.

IV.

If to the distant field I stray,
 Where sing the feather'd mate ;
 Emblem of bliss, with you I pray,
 The happy, happy state.

V.

If to the silent grove I'm led,
 When study is my view ;
 As philosophic ground I tread,
 My study's all on you.

When

VI.

When sleep her fairy train employs,
 Still haunts the pleasing theme ;
 But grant, dear youth that real joys
 Interpret ev'ry dream.

An Invitation to a Gentleman to Tea.

I.

MY friend sets me a pleasing task,
 She begs a boon of you I'll ask ;
 And if from all engagements free,
 We hope your company to tea ?

II.

Prithee, Alonzo, don't refuse,
 Nor think of making one excuse :
 I pray you, let me not in vain
 The paper's native whiteness stain.

III.

In vain don't let this * colour speak
 The blush that's painted on my cheek :
 Besides, Vol begs you'll not deny,
 On expectation's wings to fly.

IV.

She bids me say, it is a task,
 For gen'rous minds, alas ! to ask ;
 Worse yet, to have our suit deny'd,
 Or granted with contempt and pride.

* *It was wrote in red ink.*

V.

Nothing of this she has to fear,
 The good Alonzo we ask here?
 Could she suppose he would refuse,
 If beauty thus a favour sues.

VI.

To verify, methinks, I'm rude,
 But, begging pardon, I conclude :
 One favour more— I pray, present
 To Zanger ev'ry compliment.

ELEGIES *of the* HEART.

E L E G Y I.

I.

" I Would not lose the heart I hold
 " For all that Mexico e'er gave :
 " What are Peruvian mines of gold,
 " Compar'd to him I think I have ?

II.

" For still the love-sick mind will please
 " Herself, no rival will appear :
 " Alas ! the rose we smell at ease,
 " Too oft has has thorns and briars near.

III.

" Oft do I wish he would betray
 " Rather myself, than other she ;
 " The sooner would appear that day,
 " The happier far— far happier me !

" For

AND SELECT OCCASIONS. 61

IV.

- “ For then my heart I might recal,
“ Ere my repentance were *too late* :
“ Now he possesses but— my all—
“ Nor do I strive one thought to bate.

V.

- “ No niggard I— when Ella gives,
“ She credits, like the rising sun—
“ Indiff’rent, so the earth receives
“ His blessings, how his race is run.

VI.

- “ Yet from the world, tho’ I despair
“ A glimpse of gratitude to find ;
“ Him I’ll except from these, and swear,
“ There is but *one* such heav’nly mind.

VII.

- “ Unrivall’d still he shines alone,
“ And I, in secret, too am blest’d :
“ For he declares him proud to own,
“ No woman such a *heart* possess’d.

VIII.

- “ Congenial hearts must then unite ;
“ Who shall oppose such sweet design ?
“ Fate, do thy worst— for death shall right
“ Our bliss, if life don’t stamp him mine.

IX.

- “ There shall we meet in strict embrace,
“ Which no ill-fortune can divide :
“ Take comfort— Short is life’s sad race—
“ Death turns the lover to the bride.

“ There

X.

“ There we shall never part again—

“ A tie more sacred than on earth—

“ A bliss, which heals *but ev'ry pain*

“ We wept for, from our hour of birth.”

E L E G Y . II.

I.

THE proudest tow'rs— the loftiest dome—

Which London's city e'er could boast ;

Ne'er can compare with my dear home,

When there I find its gentle host.

II.

For oft, too oft, for my poor mind,

His hours of absence tedious prove ;

Tho' never did his footsteps wind,

In secret, to some worthier love.

III.

No— when he's absent from these eyes,

He goes to catch the finny prey—

At night, the better with his prize,

To heal the long expecting day.

IV.

Oft does the whirring pheasant fall

By his unerring guileless hands—

No murder he commits— 'tis all

To please his Ella— love commands—

V.

Love makes his tender finger bleed,
 To gain for me the earliest rose—
 Tho' oft he whispers, "*There's no need;*"
 Ella is sweeter far, he knows.

VI.

When the dear turtle I admire,
 For notes of love is gone to rest;
 Her voice he'll mimic, and retire,
 Lest I should say whose note is best.

VII.

For, oh! he knows not to deceive,
 Unless to give me greater joy—
 Such treachery who can't forgive?
 'Tis honesty, without alloy.

VIII.

Think not, ye gay, embroider'd dames,
 Who flaunt it in the wretched town—
 Think not my cot, in sight of Thames,
 Can shew a lover like your own.

IX.

'Tis pride which sends the gifts you take—
 The glitt'ring diamond—costly ring—
 He gives from nature—and I make
 A jewel of the meanest thing.

X.

A violet from the sunny bow'r,
 He places near my love-sick heart—
 Is it not dearer than the flow'r
 Made up by hands of clumsy art?

No—

XI.

No— he disdains the purchas'd boon ;
 By these e'en rakes their passion prove—
 Learn hence, ye fair ! and learn it soon,
 That love is only paid by love.

XII.

No gold can purchase what we know—
 Our days, if long, are days of ease :
 Our nights are nights of pleasure too—
 We live to love—and love to please.

E L E G Y III.

I.

TWO tedious days of absence have I known !
 Oh ! may I never feel the like again !
 Count my sad tears— count ev'ry heart-sick groan—
 No— they are endless as the sandy plain.

II.

Curse on those tongues who fain would make believe
 My bosom's lord had found another she ;
 If he deceives, I must myself deceive—
 To doubt is not to love— he doubts not me.

III.

His gen'rous heart permits my absence more—
 Nor feels a pain— but that I'm not at home :
 He fears no change in me— but, at the door,
 Weeps only that some others often roam.

But

IV.

But sure he is that Ella cannot change,
 No less am I of his good heart possess;
 He comes—he comes—I knew he could not range,
 Oh! let me press thee to my eager breast.

V.

Where has my lovely swain been all the while,
 He whispers that his absence was his love;
 I wish'd for strawberries wild, and with a smile,
 Silent he sought them in a distant grove.

VI.

I'll see dear Ella's face or cot no more,
 'Till I can satisfy each longing thought;
 I'll not return, 'till I am blest with store,
 Lest she should wish again for what is not.

VII.

All night he lay upon the dew-scented lawn,
 He could not reach his long-expecting home;
 To-morrow I shall try at earliest dawn,
 To swell my store—of love, the wish'd-for sum.

VIII.

So he returns with ev'ry wish compleat—
 Returns with love that doubles my sad loss;
 He lays his gath'rings kindly at my feet,
 Then whispers—how each step he took run cross,

IX.

For, oh! he travers'd but a thousand hills,
 A thousand thickets made my shepherd bleed;
 Yet he disdain'd—for love, his bosom fills—
 All toil—so to my wish he could succeed.

X.

Where is a shepherd thro' the extended plain,
 Who tender is, and diligent as he?
 Where is a nymph—he vows and vows again,
 So fond— so loving— and so kind as me?

E L E G Y IV.

I.

I Deck myself with flow'rs of ev'ry clime,
 To greet my shepherd when that hour arrives;
 But all are faded—not thro' length of time,
 They'll live again, if my dear *Allen* lives.

II.

Why is he absent thus? my longing's o'er,
 I want no strawberries wild—tho' him I want;
 Return, and tell me then as heretofore,
 Is there no flight, no chilling coldness meant?

III.

Patient I sat, and saw him pass along,
 With once my rival—rival still I fear;
 For she is fairer, and the May-bloom song
 She often sings, when I must lend an ear.

IV.

Sure he will never change his heart for these,
 And quit for trifles, such an heart as mine;
 Let her sing on! I still shall be at ease,
 No swain I know, can boast an heart like thine.

Her

V.

Her polish'd skin like snow, so lovely white,
 I know is not his choice, or he deceives ;
 The nut-brown maid is his dear best delight,
 I am not fair, then—thus his *Ella* lives.

VI.

She lives to know that beauty's not his aim,
 Nor voice, nor shape, nor accent truly sweet ;
 Love is the prize he seeks—my love then claim,
 If you can doubt, my sorrow is compleat.

VII.

See how the pledge of our affection sighs,
 Left he should fear a change in her he loves ;
 See how a tear bedews her infant eyes,
 That tear beyond all words, my meaning proves.

VIII.

But he returns— her little arms expand
 With mine, to intercept his fond embrace ;
 He gives it first—I seize his beauteous hand,
 And read his wordless joy throughout his face.

IX.

His absence still I find was all for me,
 He thought I wish'd for doves that coo all day ;
 He climb'd the tallest beach—and from the tree
 Brought in his hand, the lovely feather'd prey.

X.

Why does he find the wishes I would hide,
 Who knows what harm in climbing may arrive ?
 My love may fall ! may no such ill betide,
 If *Ella* lives—he must himself too live.

XI.

For, oh ! the very fear of some sad fate,
 Is to a breast like mine, a *living death* ;
 Let me not die, unless I die compleat,
 And with my love, resign my latest breath.

E L E G Y V.

I.

I Trace my shepherd's footsteps o'er the lawn,
 For still the dew-drops silver all the grass ;
 Why do they—since the earliest peep of dawn
 Point onward to, alas ! some happier place.

II.

I know his heart is all made up of love,
 He never sees distress without a tear ;
 Pity's a-kin to love, and so I prove
 His heart, from pity may approach too near.

III.

Would he at distance only, had but known
 The orphan's wailing, and the widow's sigh ;
 He'll count out tear for tear, and groan for groan,
 Who can resist bright beauty's weeping eye.

IV.

I know a sorrow greater than she feels—
 She has but lost of worldly goods, a part ;
 How fortune oft her strokes unequal deals !
 I've lost the greatest—still—my shepherd's heart.

AND SELECT OCCASIONS.

V.

Else why do I not see a step that bends
It's way to my forlorn and widow'd cot?
Grief for another's woe— more early ends—
The object, and the subject soon forgot.

VI.

But here, alas! I see—and see too plain,
His pity may extend— too far extend!
An heart like his will weep and weep again,
'Till he become the lover from the friend.—

VII.

Oh! no— I see him joyful leap the stile—
He leaves the fallow all at once behind;
His stay was only pity— void of guile,
Why did I ever doubt his gen'rous mind.

VIII.

Like stars his eyes be-glitter from afar,
His face is chearful as an April morn';
Why did I once suspect my swain so dear?
Why was I thus dejected and forlorn?

IX.

Suspicion may hence tempt his heart astray,
I never will suspect his love again;
For I have suffer'd all the live-long day,
In fancy— more, alas! than equal pain.

X.

Uninterrupted love then, hence shall guide,
Without one fear, my once too erring mind;
Avaunt suspicion— may you ne'er preside
O'er hearts like mine— but reptile bosoms find.

Where

XI.

Where you may suit a fancy like your own,
 And tease without remorse, a love-sick breast;
 My bosom's lord, sits safely on his throne,
 And by thus blessing me, himself is blest.

E L E G Y VI.

I.

WHY does my shepherd toil beneath the sun,
 Which scarce a sable *African* could bear;
 Let others slave— or leave the work undone,
 Rather than *Allen* thus should suffer here.

II.

I know the reason— for his pitying heart,
 Fears I may want— should our small harvest fail;
 Thunder's harsh rains might baffle all our art,
 And in the room of plenty— dearth prevail.

III.

Therefore he sweats beneath a torrid sky,
 Therefore he scorns the blessings of a shade;
 Therefore he shuns his food— and tho' a-dry,
 Neglects the bev'rage which my hands have made.

IV.

Love whispers I might want at winter's hour,
 She shall not want, my gen'rous *Allen* cries:
 If by these hands I can provide a store,
 She shall not want— my love each want supplies.

Think

V.

Think not, ye rich ! in all your pomp and pride,
 That plenty leads alone to human blifs ;
 Necessity has beauties at your side,
 Let love but dwell— there's plenty in a kifs.

VI.

Oft' have I walk'd from hill to distant hill,
 That appetite might seize us unawares ;
 How have we slack'd our thirst in yonder rill !
 How shar'd the fruits which ev'ry hedge-row bears.

VII.

Yet giv'n in love, the common berry charms,
 Love made it taste like fruits of Eastern clime ;
 Nature was satisfy'd— nor ills— nor harms
 Proceed from food like this— in after time.

VIII.

Our first and hapless parents once so liv'd,
 Would they had never chang'd such golden hours ;
 By innocence they might have still surviv'd,
 And been immortal in their love— like ours.

IX.

For we will never— never disobey,
 And tho' life's short— which daily losses prove ;
 Yet blest and truly blest— from day to day,
 We'll lengthen it by ev'ry act of love.

E L E G Y VII.

I.

A Rise, my best belov'd— arise! nor stay—
 For lo! the winter's past— like a dream, gone—
 The rain's blown over— therefore, come away;
 I cannot tread the dewy path alone.

II.

The time of birds which sing approacheth near—
 The turtle's voice is heard throughout the grove:
 On ev'ry vine the early shoots appear;
 Arise, and let us tread the steps of love.

III.

Not those which ev'ry vulgar foot has trod—
 No— we will seek th' untrammell'd path unseen:
 Love hates the hackney'd, beaten, vulgar road;
 Nor wishes e'en the friend to walk between.

IV.

For there's an avarice in minds like ours—
 We grudge a moment, tho' to ask the way:
 Rather would I bewilder'd pass my hours,
 Than break the thread of what I mean to say.

V.

What is the sov'reign's love, compar'd to this?
 Love wants not pomp— nor pride— nor rich array—
 'Tis simple in its wishes, as its bliss,
 And speaks, by silence, more than others say.

No—

VI.

No— real love can never be exprest—

Like real grief, 'tis known but to that one,
Who feels within his true replenish'd breast,
There is no room— no— but for him alone.

VII.

With love, like this, the soul is satisfied,
Nor wanders still in search of other joy ;
Disdaining all the circumstance of pride—
Golden content is her's without alloy.

VIII.

Suns rise— and, rising, bring fresh pleasures on—
The mid-day knows no change in such bright blifs :
Watch them still onward to the setting sun,
'Tis one sweet circle of true happiness.

IX.

But this is only purchas'd by the heart—
Think not that pois'nous gold can do the same—
All it can purchase is, at best, but art ;
And their best blifs is but an empty name.

X.

And what's the name of blifs, compar'd to mine ?
Substantial joy— not to be chang'd by years—
Oh ! let me then but be assur'd of thine,
And I'll no more bedew my cheek with tears.

XI.

In pity, say your heart is all my own—
Your looks assent, and I'm the happiest she :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
Who wou'd not wish to be belov'd like me ?

ELEGY VIII.

I.

MY lamb-companion, in his absent hours,
 Whose innocence reminds me of his love,
 This morn escap'd from his so native bow'rs,
 In vain, to find him, does your Ella rove.

II.

I call him by the tender name you gave,
 And idly think he sooner will return—
 Why, to torment me, hides the little slave?
 I'll beat each bush in hopes, from morn to morn.

III.

In vain I search— in vain I hourly rove—
 The cruel fav'rite knows, too sure, my pain :
 And so I'll quit the solitary grove,
 And search him with the flocks on yonder plain.

IV.

Each shepherd that I ask, in pity, sighs,
 And goes, and runs, the truant lamb to find ;
 He answers my sad grief with his own eyes,
 And strives to heal the anguish of my mind.

V.

But in no flock can I my lambkin see—
 Sure, never was your Ella so oppress'd :
 For e'en my shepherd, too, absents from me—
 Can he play truant to my faithful breast?

Who

VI.

Who knows, but, with his usual tender heart,
 He went this morn, unknown, my lamb to find—
 I know his pity flows devoid of art,
 And feel the state of his pathetic mind.

VII.

He knows my loss— he gave the little lamb—
 Can the dear loss be little, then, he cries—
 T' endear it more, he gave it, too, a name—
 It shan't be lost for all beneath the skies.

VIII.

And see ! he verifies what I but thought ;
 He comes— and brings the prize beneath his arm .
 Where was the little cruel wand'rer caught ?
 And is he free, alas ! from ev'ry harm ?

IX.

Oh ! bring him, with yourself, to this fond breast,
 At distance still too great, I see them there—
 Ah ! no— I am deceiv'd— 'twas grief possest,
 They both are safe arriv'd— 'twas but my fear.

X.

I see— I feel them both— and never more
 May the dear wand'rer give me future pain :
 For, tho' it makes amends for griefs before,
 Yet never may I know the same again.

ELEGY IX.

I.

THE sun is ris'n more chearful and more gay,
 Than he was wont to do for months now past :
 I'll seize the pleasures of a coming day,
 And give my love-sick mind a rich repast.

II.

I'll, in his absence, ranfack ev'ry bow'r,
 To make him happy at his wish'd return :
 Yes— I'll collect for him but ev'ry flow'r,
 That drinks the early dew-drop of the morn.

III.

And, first— the lilly which I gather there,
 Reminds me of the whiteness of his mind—
 I'll join the myrtle, which I find so near,
 Emblem of that true love I ever find.

IV.

For 'midst rough winter's blasts, still ever green,
 The myrtle changes not its honest hue—
 The rose will fade— I'll mix it not between,
 What have we with inconstancy to do ?

V.

I'll join the jafmin, from its neighb'ring bow'r,
 Because it leaves not its so fav'rite place ;
 It still embraces, as it yields the flow'r,
 The arbor which receiv'd its first embrace.

The

VI.

The honeysuckle, next, in turn I give—
 It faithful clings, too, at its fav'rite tree :
 Tho' oft invited, did it never leave
 The place it first admir'd, when set by thee.

VII.

Tho' roses fade, and sweet carnations die,
 Yet will I, on reflection, these too join :
 They'll prove how other hearts their loss supply,
 And prove how diff'rent is an heart like thine.

VIII.

My basket stor'd, I'll run to meet my swain,
 And with such little gifts his welcome greet ;
 And as he smells each violet o'er again,
 With joy I'll say, himself is still *more sweet*.

IX.

I need not whisper how my myrtles prove
 His constancy, devoid of ev'ry art ;
 Lest he should answer, 'tis like your kind love,
 An emblem of your constancy of heart.

X.

Oh ! may I prove it, as the myrtle bough
 Long since has kept my flatt'ring hopes alive ;
 I never see it, but I instant vow,
 I'll be the myrtle while I love and live.

ELEGY X.

I.

THough rigid ice has bound up ev'ry rill ;
Tho' the bleak snow still whitens all the plain ;
Tho' the rude north still persecutes at will,
And tho' spring seems as ne'er to smile again :

II.

Yet does my faithful shepherd smile the same ;
He knows no winter at his loving heart :
'Tis sunshine all with him, and not a name,
Like the base world, who play the villain's part.

III.

Tho' not a leaf on any tree is seen,
Tho' on the ground appears not one sad flow'r ;
In him I find a spring for ever green—
A lasting spring, and never fading flow'r.

IV.

What are the change of seasons, then to love ?
In that sweet season ev'ry month is May :
In vain the wealthy would this season prove ;
Gold cannot make the wretched bosom gay.

V.

What is that heart which changes with the wind,
The wind, which blows from adverse fortune's side ?
Prosperity's sweet gale the wretch can find,
Who loves from fashion, and who woos from pride.

My

VI.

My shepherd is, alas ! not one of those—
 He lov'd me from the hour he first beheld :
 His love remains— my heart is still at ease—
 With jealousy my bosom never swell'd.

VII.

Oh ! keep me from a cause which that way tends ;
 He cannot love another e'er like me :
 Secure of that, my happiness ne'er ends,
 But ev'ry day begins afresh, I see.

VIII.

Yes ! jealousy will quench the brightest flame ;
 E'en young suspicion will abate desire—
 A heart once swerv'd will ne'er return the same,
 And, by degrees, the whole will next expire.

IX.

Let not the fuel of sweet actions cease—
 And, nymphs, like Ella, you need never fear ;
 My study is to give each hour it's peace—
 Consult your heart— like mine, you'll find it there,

E L E G Y XI.

I.

LOVE altercations often may unite
 The stronger, hearts which threaten to divide ;
 Yet never may I see such bitter fight !
 Why part ? to know what is a parting bride ?

The

II.

The wound, tho' heal'd by a most skilful hand,
 Still shews what has been by the fatal scar—
 Sure ! beauteous is the skin— the truth well scann'd—
 Which never had a wound— more beauteous far—

III.

The love which wants such remedy to bind
 Two hearts like theirs, can never know to love—
 Allen for Ella bears a diff'rent mind—
 We would not wish ee'n a mistake to prove.

IV.

This morn, no sooner did he cloud his brow,
 Ella deserv'd his frown— and even more—
 But strait I heal'd the cause— for love will know
 A sure specific, lest the pain return.

V.

The pledge of our dear joys by chance came in,
 And brought a double cherry in her hand :
 I held it with the infant, sure to win,
 Who could the inoffensive hint withstand ?

VI.

He saw the pleasing gift— he shed a tear—
 Survey'd it, with the giver, on his knee ;
 Said, that the winds had lodg'd the harvest near,
 Which made his brow o'ercast— but never me.

VII.

Thus do I never know if I offend—
 Would he might chide me, he so gently chides—
 Ella would then her smallest errors mend—
 Oh ! no— yet blames he all but me besides.

Yes—

VIII.

Yes— he my sex still blames, perhaps, to make
 Me shine the brighter in his happy eyes ;
 But could I think he did this for my sake,
 I'd e'en offend, than he should all despise.

IX.

For though I would not have one share his heart,
 Yet may I wish he would, perhaps, esteem ;
 Oh ! no— I will not lose the smallest part—
 I will possess him all— and none but him.

E L E G Y XII.

I.

I Cross'd the lawn to find my lovely swain,
 For he had miss'd his ever-faithful hour :
 My mind misgave me, for I felt a pain,
 My joyous heart had never known before.

II.

'Twas sympathy of minds, no doubt, like our's—
 He felt the same, I find ; yet, knew not why—
 How ill does joy repay its anxious hours !
 Such is the lot of lovers till they die.

III.

For, oh ! we joy by minutes which are few—
 Yet do we mourn for days— perhaps, for years :
 The night of sorrow's long— too oft our due,
 For daring but to hope, without our fears.

IV.

Why did the stag we bred up from the fawn,
 Forget the hand which rais'd it to the chase?
 For, as my shepherd cross'd the dewy lawn,
 He wounded him— and see he hides his face.

V.

Hides, lest his Ella should partake a pain
 He meant from her, of all, to keep conceal'd ;
 But, oh ! her heart repeated it again,
 And said, some loss had happen'd in the field.

VI.

I guess'd—I knew— ah ! what will not love guess?
 All for the worst it pictures while we live—
 The sweetest roses have their thorns no less,
 And fondest hope will ever still deceive.

VII.

Come, let me kiss the too, too bleeding wound—
 My heart now gushes with an equal stream :
 Oh ! would it heal his own, I'd stain the ground,
 Yes— ev'ry drop I'd spill, to rescue him.

VIII.

But see ! he smiles— and says to prove my heart,
 He made the wound seem worse— what need he prove?
 I thought he knew me void of ev'ry art,
 And needed not a further test of love.

IX.

In such-like trials— yes ! the day might come,
 When Ella may too nearly feel the pain :
 Life may depart, ere she could reach her home,
 If a surmise of harm beset my swain.

Then

X.

Then do not hence anticipate my grief,
 And court a sorrow which may ne'er arrive;
 Give me, oh! rather give me all relief,
 And by your welfare, bid your *Ella* live.

E L E G Y XIII.

I.

SURE this is joy! if joy on earth there be,
 For see the lord of my desires returns;
 How sparkl'd his dear infants eyes with me?
 And how with *Ella's* did her bosom burn.

II.

The tender vine which curls with such embrace,
 Round that fair elm— fears it should lose its stay;
 Supported by that strength, it keeps its place,
 And fears no alteration or decay.

III.

Yet may the storm now unexpected, tear
 A loftier tree, and lay its honours down;
 The faithful vine that common loss must share,
 And with the elm's misfortune join her own.

IV.

Supported by his life, as by his love,
 I feel a strength— tho' feeble— bids me live;
 Should the rude storm too overbearing prove,
 And the sad overthrow too soon arrive.

V.

Yet is my comfort— it can ne'er divide,
 The vine must with its elm together fall;
 They grew together, and together dy'd—
 Bow'd their meek heads, and follow'd nature's call.

VI.

Who could survive to see the lovely bow'r,
 Which his own hands had deckt so wond'rous gay;
 Where we so oft' had wept at evening hour,
 For love will weep when care obscur'd the day.

VII.

Yes! life's ingratitude will cause to weep,
 Hearts like our own attun'd to other's woe;
 For tho' we never felt the like so deep,
 Yet may we guess what we would shun to know.

VIII.

Oh! would to heav'n— unless we could relieve—
 Such wretchedness might never reach our ear?
 Too oft' it makes a feeling heart believe
 Their own misfortunes but approach too near.

IX.

Avert, kind heav'n! from this misgiving breast,
 The danger which my fears still whisper now;
 Why flutters thus, his heart? 'tis near at rest,
 Why hangs such endless care upon his brow?

X.

Tell me, oh! tell me all— for much I fear,
 The infant asks it with each speaking eye;
 In its each crystal sluice there stands a tear,
 Ease my sad heart— or Ella soon must die.

I can-

XI.

I cannot bear sad expectation long—
 Do let me know the worst which may arrive;
 If you but sigh— I seem the dead among—
 If you once *smile*— your Ella then shall live.

E L E G Y XIV.

I.

ALL nature seems to sympathize with me!
 All nature seems to feel an equal woe;
 Light'ning at winter's hour we rarely see!
 It thunders too— or else I dream it so.

II.

Oh! 'tis too true— the cypress hangs it's head,
 The birds with lazier wing divide the air—
 Oh! 'tis too true— behold my *Allen* dead—
 A crowd of swains support the wretched bier.

III.

The cruel wound which should have stain'd the ground,
 Perhaps bled inwards— and has caus'd his doom;
 Have I not cause to weep, when all around
 I see grim death— have I for grief not room?

IV.

Yes! I will swell the river with my tears—
 It's lazy channel shall revive by mine;
 The floods shall drown each meadow that appears
 To 've been the walks of Ella and of thine.

How

V.

How shall I hide it from my infant's eyes?
 Conceal it, I can never— never long!
 Her parent was with me her mutual prize,
 Her only morning— as her evening song.

VI.

Why do you weep, ye shepherds! still in vain,
 Preserve your tears for me when I am dead;
 My tears are now enough— I can't refrain,
 Let them flow on— but cease your own to shed.

VII.

They can't recall the life he lost for me—
 He sought the choicest fish for me alone;
 The cruel torrent swallow'd him— and he
 Unseen, still blest me with his latest groan.

VIII.

A watry death he dy'd— my tears should cease,
 For he too much of water must have found;
 A watry death I'll die— I come to ease
 Thy wretched ghost, and spread fresh grief around.

IX.

Adieu! ye meadows— witness of our woe,
 Adieu! each pleasure which my life would give;
 And see my last sad tenderness to shew,
 I plunge into the wave— and cease to live.

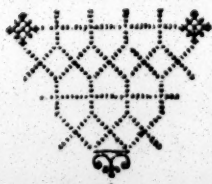
X.

For what is life and being without love?
 I lov'd him living— and I love him dead;
 Then since I can't by life my passion prove,
 I'll die— and in my death, his sorrows wed.

AND SELECT OCCASIONS.

XI.

No sooner had she spoke— but with a nod
O'er his pale corse, as merely to deceive—
She look'd her last— then, smiling, left the croud,
Plung'd into the lake, and ceas'd to live.



IX

No longer had the Lord — let with a nod
 O'er his whole court, as wisely to decide —
 The Lord's will — then, falling, but the crowd
 Plunged into the sea, and to the

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